



SOCIETY

OVER THE TEACUPS.
Society Editor.
Telephone 2799.

"What do you say to taking a boarder?" asked John.
"A boarder!" said Dolly aghast. "Oh, that would be horrid. We don't want a stranger in our home."

"He isn't exactly a stranger. He's a cousin of mine, and he's coming on to take a position in our office. He'll be awful lonesome, and I thought it would be kind of nice if we'd take him in and make him feel at home."

Dolly made a wry face.
"Would he play ball?" asked the Kid.
"Don't do it, if you don't want to," went on John. "Only it's kind of tough on a fellow coming to a strange town."

"I suppose we ought to be hospitable," reluctantly yielded Dolly. "He might come for a while, until he makes some acquaintances."

The next night at dinner, the Boarder arrived.
"Do have more beef," said John pressing food upon him.
"Do you like sugar and cream in your coffee?" asked Dolly, pleasantly attentive.

"I would like a glass of water, please," said the Kid, struggling manfully with the burden of his best behavior.

Thus the dinner proceeded, impressively, if painfully, polite.

"We'll have to cut the pie in five pieces now, won't we?" inquired the Kid regretfully as dessert arrived.

"Sh—" said his mother.

The Boarder looked somewhat blank.

"Really," he said, "I'm not particularly partial to pie."

"Oh, don't mind him," smiled Dolly. "That's just a joke of ours. You see, we save a piece for the cook, and then divide the rest."

"Yes," went on the Kid. "Once father took a little piece, letting on he was polite. And so we all took little pieces to be polite, too. And then father said I guess I'll take another piece, mine was so small and he finished the pie. But we're on to him now."

John smiled rather feebly.

The Kid watched Dolly cutting the pie. "You're cutting it in six," he exclaimed excitedly.

"You mustn't talk so much," reproved his mother.

"Six makes them awful small, don't it?" he commented, mournfully eyeing his plate.

"It's mighty good pie," said the Boarder. "I don't wonder your father took a second piece."

The Kid who was hungrily eyeing the remaining piece looked gloomy.

"Do have another piece," said Dolly temptingly.

Anxiously the Kid watched the Boarder.

"Oh, no, thank you. It's delicious. But I've had plenty."

The Kid breathed a sigh of relief. Then he looked apprehensively at his father. John was gazing at the pie, but politeness restrained him.

"If nobody's going to eat that piece," said the Kid hurriedly. "I might as well finish it."

"Cutting it in six ain't bad after all," he remarked as they left the table.